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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 8.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 25th AUGUST, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



SUMMER ROSES.

The trees are tossing by the stream,
The leaves are whitened as the foam;
There comes to me a loving dream,
The roses are in bloom!

I feel a thrilling at the heart,
As soft the scented night-wind blows,
It whispers in my ear apart:
"Thou hast the secret rose!"

I cannot catch the violet gleams,
Nor breathe the fragrance of the room,—
Gone is the subtle, loving dream,
The roses are in bloom!

The Dominion Illustrated.

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25th AUGUST, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Henceforth, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west, where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

In our next issue, No. 9, of 1st September, we will publish the portraits of Bishop Courtney, of Halifax, N.S., and the Hon. A. G. Jones, of the same city; also, views in the public gardens and park of Halifax; a portrait of W. H. Griffin, Esq., ex-Deputy Postmaster-General; a sketch of the Skeena River, by Major Peters, besides several interesting Northwest views, and a beautiful art picture.

Our Toronto friends are informed that we are engraving a fine group of the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade; also, a large composition photograph, giving portraits of all the members of the Ontario Legislature, Cabinet Ministers and Lieutenant-Governors since Confederation.

We are also preparing views of the recent type-writing contest held in Toronto; engravings of St. James' Cathedral, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and other places of interest in the Queen city, to be published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, together with the above-mentioned groups, during the forthcoming exhibition.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Book reviews, under the heading of "The Editor's Table," and a critical paper on the Monroe Doctrine, are crowded out of the present issue, but will be given in the next number.

AN INCREASE IN "ARTIST AUTHORS."—It is surprising to note what an increase there has been within the last fifteen years in that class known as "artist authors." Thirty-five years ago T. Addison Richards, and the late David H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), almost held a monopoly in that field. To-day we have a veritable army of men doing similar work. W. Hamilton Gibson, Howard Pyle, Allen C. Redwood and Rufus F. Zogbaum are, perhaps, best known, but there is a host of others, especially on the comic papers and the daily press, who, while turning out fair work as artists, can write you a neat story or article, or produce any amount of jingling rhymes. Oliver Herford, Harrington, Michael A. Wolf, W. H. McDougall are a few of those whose work is most frequently seen.



The wonders of our Great West do not cease. Vancouver bids fair to surpass Winnipeg in swiftness of growth and business expansion. A fire almost wholly destroyed the city, in the fall of 1886, and, after statistics published by us, a few weeks ago, it was shown that Vancouver had not only risen from its ashes, but had more than doubled, in less than two years, the population which it contained before the conflagration.

Not all the American papers are writing nonsense, nor uttering threats about the growth of our railway systems and their competition for American trade. The New York *Herald* sees in Britain's direct trade with Asia and Oceanica, through the Dominion of Canada, taking the shortest and straightest road, and stopping nowhere but on British soil, the fulfilment of "an imperial dream grander than was ever conceived by Caesar or Napoleon."

The same journal gives a wholesome reminder, in answer to the cries about the British "subsidized" railways of Canada. It states that the American Pacific roads have been subsidized and protected to the extent of millions, and adds that if these endowments had been honestly applied to the roads, there would have been no "British" Pacific Railway. The conclusion is that Americans had better let Canadians manage their own carrying trade, without either sneers or threats.

We said, a couple of weeks ago, that French Canada, without distinction of party, was opposed to the scheme of Imperial Federation. Three Federal Ministers, at Joliette, confirmed our statement in the most emphatic language, especially Sir Hector Langevin, and Hon. Mr. Laurier, leader of the Opposition, did the same thing, at Oakville. Of course, that still leaves the question quite open, and intelligent men, even French-Canadians, may still cherish the beautiful dream.

A preliminary vote taken in the United States Senate, at the end of last week, on a motion to postpone the fate of the Fisheries Treaty, foreshadows the doom of that measure. The discussion, however, will not be unfruitful, inasmuch as the senators were forced out of the claptrap, which marked the opening speeches, into a fitting treatment of this most important international question. The Republicans themselves made admissions, which tell in favour of the resumption of negotiations in the near future.

The question of divorce is one which periodically forces itself upon the attention of even the unthinking. The havoc which the abuse thereof is making in the United States startles us, now and again, by some fearful disclosures, that must tell direfully on the future of American society. The news from France is equally dismal. There the laws of marital separation have been relaxed almost to license, within the last four years, with an increase in the number of divorces, for trifling grounds, which is positively alarming.

There is perhaps no country in the world sounder on this vital point than is Canada. Here all denominations are agreed on the practical indissolubility of the marriage tie, and the very few cases that have come up in the Senate, during the

past twenty-one years of Confederation, only confirm the healthy feeling in this respect. It is a mistake to say that this is only a matter of church discipline. It is founded on the natural law, and the old Romans of the Republic had no divorce, their decadence beginning with the Cæsarean empire, when the plague began its gnawing.

New parts of the country are being "opened up," as the saying is. There is a Muskoka Guide which we shall have the pleasure of reviewing in our next number. The Lake St. John region has, this year, drawn a very large number of visitors, not only from the several provinces, but also from abroad. Then, there is the new railway to the Bay of Chaleurs, a brief description of which will be found in the next issue.

The first official utterance on the subject of Newfoundland's prospective entrance into the Union was made by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, in his Joliette speech. He expressed the hope that the forthcoming negotiations with the Federal Government would result favourably, and went into a number of practical reasons why the incorporation of the island is desirable. Apart from other considerations, which we shall treat of later, Sir Hector Langevin's stand is significant, inasmuch as hitherto the French press have not been kindly disposed to this accession.

There was much needless surmise and talk about the resignation of Sir George Stephen from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The movement was made quietly, and with an air of naturalness, betokening a consciousness of stability which the company maintains. That is well. The country wants to have unshaken confidence in an institution that it has done so much for. The quiet accession of Mr. Van Horne must increase this feeling of assurance, as it were mere affectation to ignore that, in the new President, not only has the railway an unrivalled expert, but the whole business community a man who is both able and willing to work for its best interests.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The great island of Newfoundland becomes once more a living issue. A serious attempt will be made to find means of embodying it in the sisterhood of the British North American Provinces known as the Dominion of Canada. A delegation of representative islanders will sail for Ottawa about the middle of next September, and it is known at the Capital that all the Ministers will be back from their holidays, by that time, in order to meet these gentlemen. The special feature of this event is that, on the present occasion, the request for a conference comes from Newfoundland itself, giving some ground for belief that the chances of a favourable understanding may possibly be reached, in so far as the Island, at least, is concerned.

There can be no two opinions on the theoretical appropriateness of the union of Newfoundland with Canada. Geographically, it would be the rounding off of the map of the Dominion; commercially, it would open new markets to our fiscal policy; and, politically, it would make British America still more powerful, because homogeneous, whole. Newfoundland lies in full command of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and its neighbourhood to the coast of Labrador would enable Canada to devote more time and care to the colonization of a stretch of continent whose resources are rather suspected than known.

On the score of economics, the fisheries of the Island alone would be ground enough for a strong effort toward incorporation. Much as the Provincial Government have done for the development and protection of these fisheries, there is no question that they would acquire at once an international importance, which they have not now, when placed in the hands of Canada. The mineral wealth of the Island is also known to be very great, and only awaiting the inflow of capital to be worked with most important results. Something has been done in the way of opening the interior by means of a railway, and the effect has been such as to justify even more enterprise in the establishment of new lines.

It is untimely, of course, attempting a forecast of the upshot of the forthcoming negotiations. No intelligent opinion can be shaped until the preliminaries are laid down; until the official returns of the material resources of the island, its debts and assets, the value of its public works, the groundwork of its financial credit in foreign markets, with other official documents of a like business character, are set before the conference and published to the world. But, pending this publicity, there are two points which augur well from the start—the initiative, as we have said, of Newfoundland itself, and the favourable disposition of the Federal Government, as publicly foreshadowed by one of the chief members of the Cabinet, to meet the Island representatives at least half way. That the accession of a new province would be well received throughout the other provinces there is no doubt, and it is to be hoped that old Bonavista will not much longer keep her solitary watch on the vasty deep, but will nestle under the ample folds of the flag of our young Dominion.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.

It may not be amiss to see what an English traveller—clearly a man of observation and taste—has to say about Canada, after passing through it. His conclusions are set down in the *Westminster Review*. Quebec is the first stage of his journey, and he is outspoken at once. He finds that the people come to the front without their former elegance of manner, and are morose owing, no doubt, to the loss of their ascendancy. Among the few there is a wider culture than there used to be, but the majority are out of touch with modern progress. This, of course, is shallow and commonplace, betraying want of knowledge of a very peculiar people, who have had to struggle with exceptional difficulties, and who, upon the whole, have held their own well, in the universal march of human progress. A traveller of this kind, if he wants to judge fairly of French Canada, must do three things—go straight among the peasantry, on their farms, rich or poor; enter into personal contact with their priesthood, studying *in situ* the working of their ways and means; and make himself well acquainted with their literature—historical and imaginative. If he does so, he will be forced, at least, to render justice to a very worthy race.

Crossing the line into Ontario, the writer feels that he has entered into "another sphere of existence," and makes a host of observations, many of which are shrewd and to the point. He finds in the Empire Provinces that everything is well done, and that the go-ahead spirit of the New World is visible in all the walks of life. The

climate is good; the soil fruitful: the people thrifty and moved by the sturdy independence which animated their fathers, the first immigrants. He is loud in praise of the energy that cut out homes in the wild backwoods, and is proud, like your thorough Englishman, that none but an Anglo-Saxon could have done it, and maintained a foremost stand withal. If the Ontario people employ a certain grandiloquence of expression, with a conscious air of superiority, our traveller thinks it difficult to find fault therewith, as the feeling seems so genuine. One little weak point, however, did not escape him—a general envy of Montreal—which, he says, "continues to remain the largest and wealthiest city."

There are also some proper remarks about our social and political system. It is taken for granted that the most successful professional men in the country do not acquire capital, and that all the wealth is, therefore, in the hands of the merchants, who are the people of the land and the dispensers of patronage. Furthermore, the interests of bankers and brokers are so closely allied with those of the merchants, that the three may be classed as the mercantile community. This, of course, applies mostly to the towns, and not so much to the farmers, whose position is more or less isolated in so large a territory. If the writer were living in Ontario, however, he would speedily discover two things—that the farmers have more than the balance of power, and really rule the province, while the great bulk of public men, in Federal and Provincial political life, are drawn from the professional classes. The rest of the paper is of less interest, because cast in the *doctrinaire* groove of the Westminster school, and not founded on local facts, so that we need not go farther with it, after thanking our English friend for his generally favourable view of this young country, which, he may be sure, knows how and is able to take care of itself.

POINTS. BY ACUS.

There was some unconscious philosophy when the lisping cherub, instead of saying that its father shot sparrows with a rifle, said by mistake that he "shot sorrows with a trifle."

During the vacation there is only one thing that there is very much of in the city. It is heat. In order to convey any adequate idea of it, it would be necessary to make it hot for the reader. Words are weak to express it. But they are not any weaker than the people, these days. Under the circumstances, about the only things that we can enjoy are fruit and iced drinks. Will you please touch the bell?

In midsummer, anything relating to winter is refreshing to hear. The rough winter coats, made of coon-skin, sometimes create curious impressions upon people who are not accustomed to them. A prominent Canadian lumberman once wore one of these coats to New York. Upon his arrival, an urchin called out to a young comrade, "Say Bill, here's the devil." A prettier impression was made by this kind of coat when a little boy said to an elderly gentleman thus clad, "Well, Santa Claus, my little brover's waitin' for you." These are actual incidents. It seems rather contradictory, however, that a coon-skin coat will cause a man either to look like Santa Claus, or else make him look like the devil.

A recent critic has ventured to question whether Ruskin is really an ultimate authority on questions of art. To be learned in precept and deficient in practice is possible in the world of art no less than in that of morals. Is it merely that he has a fine critical faculty, or may he be followed as a practical teacher? We have not heard of any

great picture that he has ever painted. Perhaps what Ruskin knows about art, is something after the fashion of "What Horace Greeley knows about Farming." It is well known that the latter is clearly a matter of theory. If with Ruskin it is theory, it is chaste and beautiful theory. If it is visionary, it is with visions celestial. His style is truly charming; but to the practical American mind, his ideas do seem rather airy and unsubstantial. It is not without diffidence that I venture to express the opinion, but I think that it is only as a teacher of the ethics of art that Ruskin really rises into greatness.

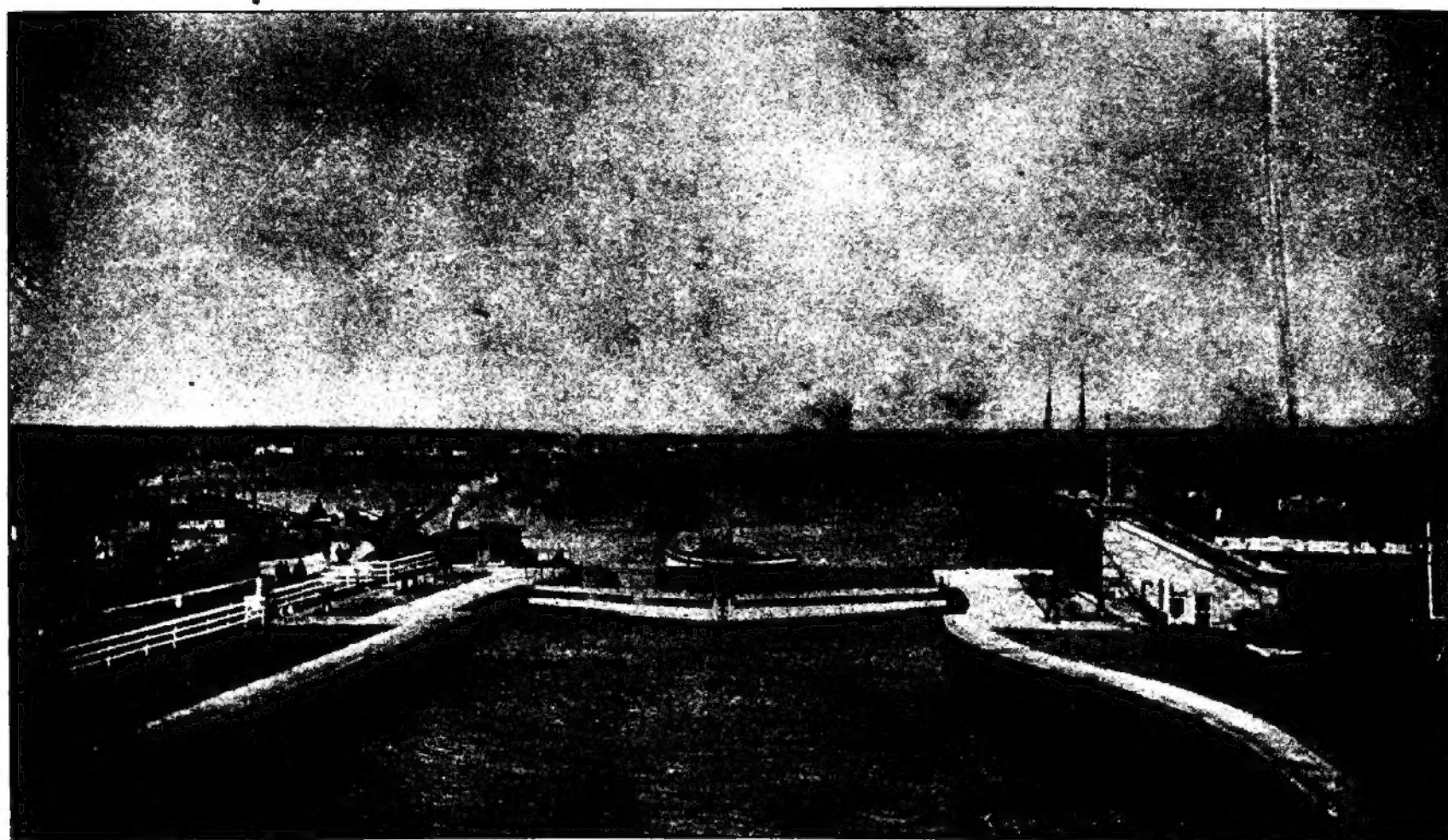
If one is at all interested in physiognomy, there are few places which it may be studied with greater facility than in the street-car. The company is so assorted and cosmopolitan in its nature. Of course, you cannot study the face of the man with the newspaper, because you cannot see anything of him from his knees up. There is the fresh young girl with cheeks like a peach, sitting beside an old hag, wrinkled and rheumy. Observe the placid expression on the face of the woman with the bundles, and the pained expression worn by the man who has to stand up. And the stout negress is crowding the slender blonde. It would be hard to find anywhere else such a row of faces.

Some fastidious persons object to the word *American* to designate our friends across the border. Well, it is impossible for the name United States to have a cognate adjective. France has its adjective, French; and Germany, its German. But what is one to call the people of the United States. We might call them United Statesmen, but that would be ambiguous. During the present electoral campaign, I think they could hardly be called united statesmen. Disunited statesmen would be nearer the mark. Seriously, however, perhaps the easiest way out of the difficulty is, if possible, to take the name of the state or of the city; and say Vermonter or Bostonian, or whatever it may be. But much of the geographic nomenclature will not permit of this, and so we have no choice but to fall back upon the word *American*. At the same time it may be admitted that, in the strict sense of the word, the Canadian is as much an American as are his friends across the borders.

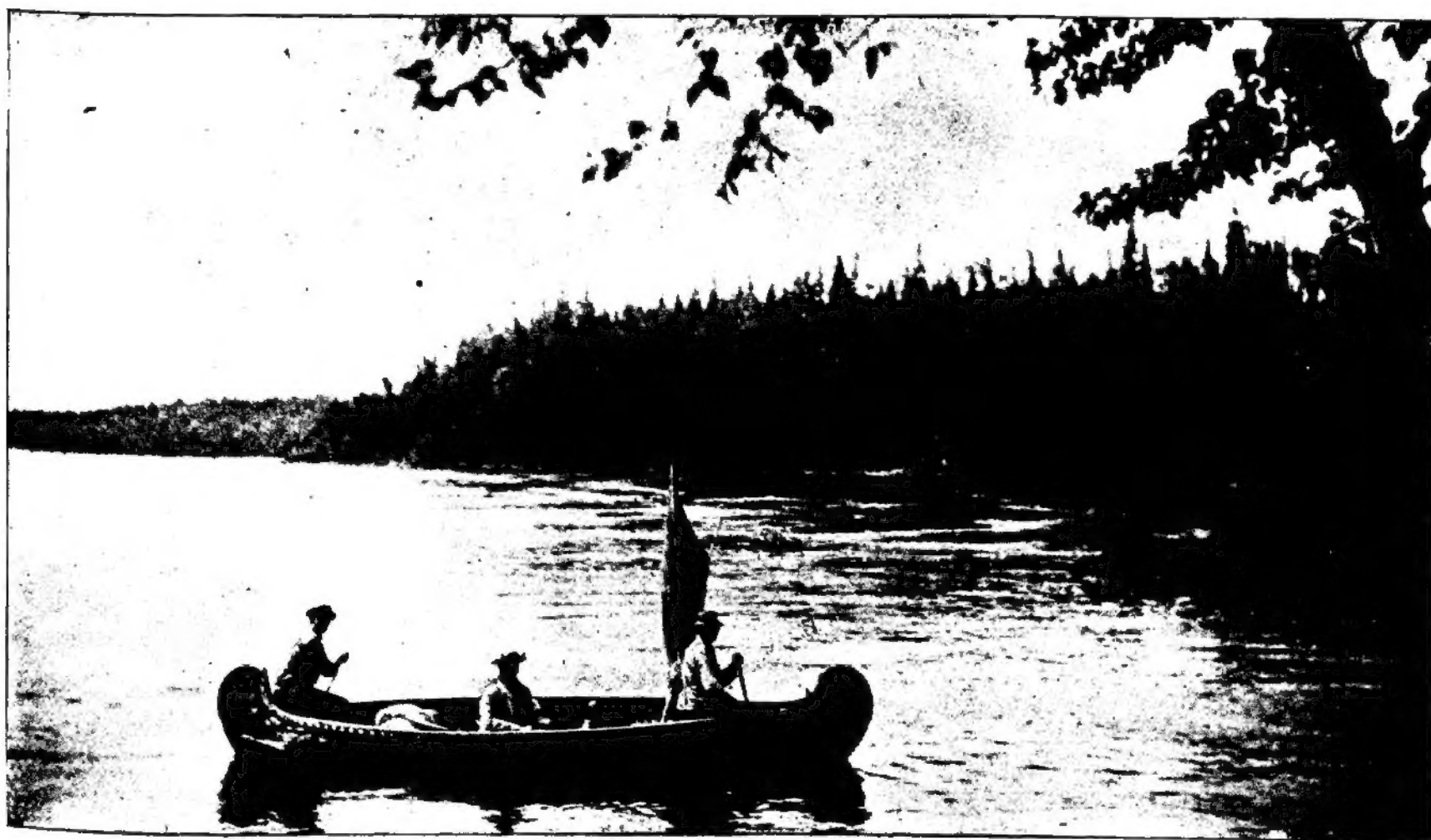
As Mr. W. C. Van Horne is now the subject of no little comment, one or two reminiscences of him may not be untimely or uninteresting. Through ability of a high order and untiring industry, it is well known that he has risen from the ranks. His wonderful memory was first developed by the systematic exercise of observing and retaining the numbers upon the various cars as they passed through. Although Mr. Van Horne is a man of great research, he had no school training whatever after his thirteenth year. Still he is an authority upon the sciences of geology and botany, and upon the arts of architecture and painting. In reference to his painting, I remember one evening at his house on Dorchester street, his coming down from his study with a little water-colour portrait of Sir Donald A. Smith which he had done from memory. Sir Donald was then in England. The likeness is excellent, and the picture is now, I believe, in the possession of Lady Smith. In addition to the subjects I have mentioned, I am sure Mr. Van Horne will forgive me if I add that he is also an authority on—on *poker*! He is very fond of practical jokes, and relates them with quite a boyish enjoyment. I might mention his youthful prank played upon an unpopular and abnormally conceited engineer, when coarse chalk was substituted for tooth-powder, kerosene for perfume, and white lead for pomade. There was once also an ingenious arrangement of a hole, a pin, a spring and a string, for the benefit of a bore who used occasionally to sit upon a certain desk and talk. Mr. Van. Horne tells of some cigars he obtained from the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay. They were (if I may use the expression in connection with a cigar) as strong as an ox. They were reserved for reporters who came to interview him. Naturally the interviews were of brief duration. My space will not permit me to enlarge upon numerous other amusing incidents of this kind.



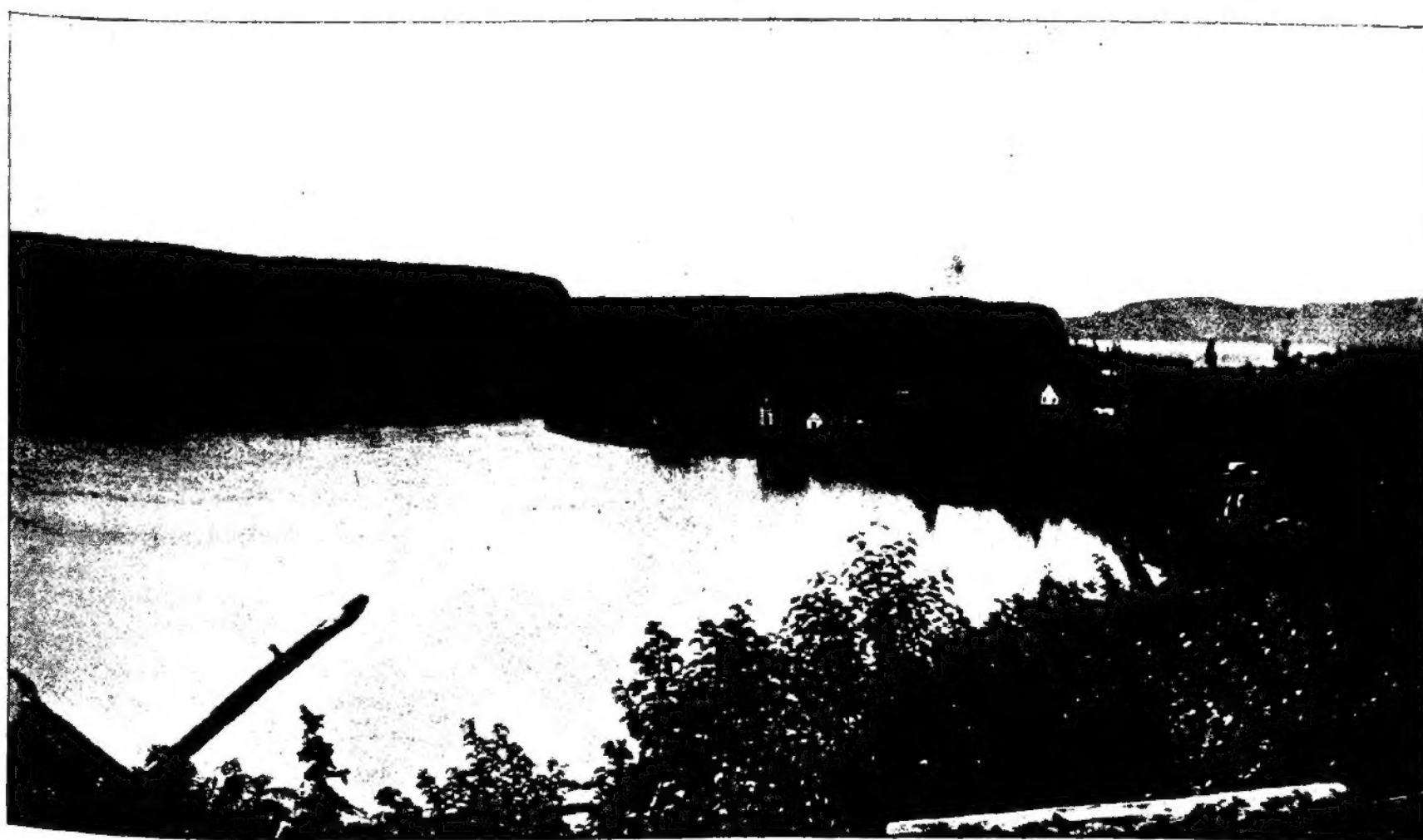
BOULDER RIVER, NEAR ITS SOURCE;
 Showing the general character of the Streams on the Height of Land, S. W. of Hudson's Bay.
 R. Bell, photo., Geological Survey Report.



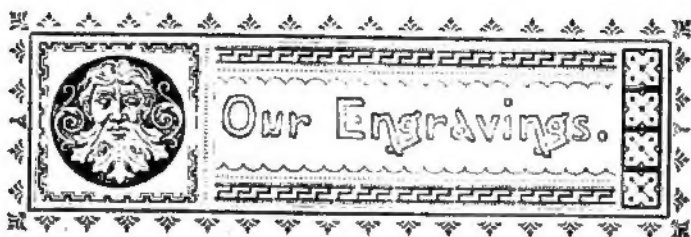
THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL LOCKS, (American side).



CANOEING ON THE NEPIGON RIVER, NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



RED ROCK AND HUDSON BAY POST, NEPIGON RIVER.



BOULDER RIVER.—We are indebted for a description of this stream to Dr. Robert Bell, of the Geological Survey, whose account appears in the last published report for 1886. Its distance, in a straight line, is about twenty-five miles. The Indians do not navigate it, and, as they have no name for it, the survey called it Boulder River, from the very bouldery character of its bed and the country, on either side. Its general course is pretty straight, and runs a little east of northeast. It consists of a series of short stretches of dead water, as in our sketch, with boulder rapids between them.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL LOCK.—This is one of the engineering wonders of the world, both for size and finish of work. The great lock is 650 feet long, 80 feet wide, and it has a lift of 18 feet.

RED ROCK, NEPIGON RIVER.—We are indebted to an artistic sportsman of Sarnia for the pretty views of Red Rock and canoeing on the Nepigon, as also for the view of the Canal Lock at the Sault. Nepigon River empties into Lake Superior, about sixty-five miles east of Port Arthur, and is noted among tourists and sportsmen for the size and number of the speckled trout to be caught in its waters. Our correspondent, speaking of the Hudson Bay Post at Red Rock, says that Mr. Flanagan, who represents the H. B. Company at that point, is very obliging to travellers, giving his assistance in procuring canoes, tents and provisions. The canoeing up the Nepigon is most delightful, stationing at good camping grounds, and enjoying some of the best fishing in Canada. The trout are not only large—six-pounders being not uncommon—but are also of very fine flavour. The scenery is varied and beautiful.

STONY CREEK is a stony rill, flowing in the bottom of a V-shaped channel, in the gorges about Mount Hermit and Mount Macdonald, in the heart of the Selkirk Range. At times it swells into a raging torrent and presents a series of splendid cascades. The railway line crosses it over a massive trestle bridge, one of the highest in the world, being 295 feet above the seething stream. Our engraving is taken from a point near this bridge.

"YOU DARLING" is from a painting by Mrs. Goodman.—If it is true that "one touch of nature makes the world kin," here, indeed, is a faithful illustration of it. Artists, we are told, differ as to which is the most beautiful thing in nature, a sleeping child's face or its hands. Lovely, indeed, are both; but, as Mrs. Goodman hides the countenance of the awakening one here, and alone depicts the little hand, it must be assumed that to her taste the "chubby, small fist is paramount." The expression, "You Darling" does not belong to maternity alone, but is the natural ejaculation of anybody of feeling watching the rousing up of the sleeping young lion, who, with flushed face, bright eyes and clutching hands, eagerly awaits the morning refreshment in the bowl above, where the birthday spoon commands. Of Mrs. Goodman, little is known in the artistic world, but this happy specimen of her brush should make her doubly welcome in domestic life.

THE CONVALESCENT HOME.—Among the thousands of visitors at that most beautiful of watering places—the Malbaie of the French, having a malodorous origin, and the Murray Bay of the English, betokening a glorious military history—all have noticed the Convalescent Home, given in our sketch, whose fame has spread all over Canada, and whose usefulness has been tested by many an invalid from the several provinces. The work of this Convalescent Home was begun, fourteen years ago, in 1874, and has gradually grown, until now it is felt that an addition must be made to the building, if it is to meet the increasing demands made upon it. As we publish the sketch of this benevolent institution purposely to assist it in its mission of Christian charity, we make ourselves the interpreters of its worthy patrons and managers by respectfully soliciting the public to take its claims into favourable consideration. This appeal is addressed more directly to the Montreal public, as, each year, four-fifths of the patients at the Home are the poor of that city. Any contributions, in money or in kind, may be addressed to F. Wolferstan Thomas, Esq., Treasurer, Molsons' Bank, or Miss Mary F. Kingston, 1050 Dorchester street, both of Montreal.

THE SKEENA EXPEDITION.—Here we give our readers something quite new and hitherto unpublished, taken on the spot very lately, and sent directly to this office. On the 16th July, 1888, C Battery, of the Royal Canadian Artillery, under command of Major James Peters, left Victoria, B.C., on Her Majesty's ship *Caroline*, for the scene of a reported outbreak of Indians, on the Skeena River, 500 miles to the north. The expedition was commanded by Lt.-Col. Holmes, D.A.G. The sketch, done in pencil by Major Peters, represents the *Caroline* approaching Port Essington, the site of which is shown. There the battery landed. The town is wholly Indian, with a few whites who manage some salmon canneries. It will be noticed that the scenery is wild and striking. The mouth of the Skeena River is bounded on the left by huge rocky hills, and in the far front distance are outlined snow-capped mountains. On the right are cliffs and crags, soaring 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, rocky in surface, but heavily set with trees.

Port Essington is well inside the mouth of the Skeena, and cannot be seen from the sea. In the offing our sketch shows H. M. S. *Caroline* steaming up to this river, with a survey boat ahead to take soundings.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.—Those who are "down" on the sparrow for a heartless, selfish bird, had better look at this picture. The fledgling in the slanting nest among the sprays; the parent birds on the ledge beneath, luring him on and out; the mother nearest the twig, and the father twittering a call; all this is admirably drawn and gives a pretty picture of even human life. In a few minutes the nest will be empty, the three birds will have flown away, and there will be one more pilferer of the farmer's golden corn.

NOVA SCOTIA AND CONFEDERATION.

I have so much admiration for the artistic merit of *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, and so earnest a desire that the enterprise may prove successful, that I observe with much regret, in the number of the 4th August, a passage which many Nova Scotian patrons of the publication have much reason to complain of. In an article on "The National Spirit," referring to the recent Confederation banquet in London, the editor says:—

"Animated by his surroundings and the inspiration of his subject, Mr. Mowat made one or two important statements which certain public speakers and writers will doubtless take a note of in future discussion. He said that while the flaws in our constitution are removable, it is well to remember that this instrument was of our own forming, and not imposed on us by the Imperial Government. Here is a very important statement made by one of the three chief leaders of the Liberal party, and one of the most successful public men in Canada, and it is in contrast to what we used to hear of Nova Scotia 'having been driven, and Quebec hoodwinked, into the Union.'"

Even if Mr. Mowat had attempted to misrepresent the facts of history, which, I need hardly say, he had no intention of doing, that would not be a reason why *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* should do likewise. It is not necessary to turn to London festivities of this day to learn the truth about the origin of the Confederation scheme, or the manner in which Nova Scotia was taken into the Union. It is true that the Legislatures of the several Provinces approved of the scheme. In that sense the remark of Mr. Mowat was correct, and I am sure that it was in that sense only that he intended it. But the greater fact remains that the Province of Nova Scotia was "driven" into the Union against the well understood wishes of its people, and no good purpose can be served by a denial of this truth. If you want evidence of the feelings of the people of Nova Scotia at the time of the Union, you can get it in the records of the first appeal to the electors on the subject, in September, 1867, when the anti-Confederates elected 18 out of the 19 members of the Federal House of Commons, and 36 out of the 38 members of the Provincial House of Assembly. "Public speakers and writers" who desire to learn and apply the truth on this subject will do well to take a note of the facts as here stated, which have more value than any utterances of after dinner speakers of twenty-one years later. The men who were chiefly responsible for forcing Nova Scotia into the Union committed an outrage on constitutional liberty that has received, and must continue to receive, the condemnation of every friend of freedom. Few there are in Nova Scotia, or out of it, who now defend the act, and I am sure that the Premier of Ontario is not among them. Those who are wont to parade themselves as the great friends of Confederation have, indeed, been its worst enemies. It is not at all improbable that, under the guidance of statesmen animated by the right spirit, the people of Nova Scotia might have given consent to a Confederation scheme. The tyrannical course of the Confederate leaders created in the minds of the people of this Province a prejudice against Confederation which will live through generations, and which at this moment is so strong that, if the question could be determined by their votes, I have not a doubt that three-fourths of the people of Nova Scotia would decide to withdraw from the Union. What

hope could there be that such a "national spirit" as that of which the editor wrote would grow in a Union created as this has been? Let us see that the true history of the great wrong of 1866-7 is placed before the public, as a warning to all who may hereafter be disposed to violate the liberties of the people.

As I cannot suppose that *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* desires to misrepresent the facts in a matter of so much importance, I beg you to give these observations a place in an early issue of your journal.

NOVA SCOTIAN.

Halifax, August 15, 1888.

[We publish the above communication quite readily, because it comes from a friendly source, and we believe in letting our friends have their say, outside of strictly party bounds. We are not called upon for any reply, as the mis-sive is addressed to Mr. Mowat, whose words we quoted, without comment; but we remind "Nova Scotian" that the records of Confederation, in his Province, now belong to history, all the documents bearing upon the same having been published and sifted, and that, as a result, the intelligent reader of the other provinces can judge of that whole episode, as well as anybody else nearer home, without unnecessary heat, the calling of names, or the utterance of forecasts which, in the present nature of things, cannot be practically tested.]

—Editor *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*.

LITERARY NOTES.

Benjamin Sulte has just published a history of St. François du Lac, in the Nicolet country.

Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne has entered her ninetieth year. She is the mother of the poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Charles Mair, on the far Saskatchewan, continues writing verses amid the worry of selling wet and dry groceries, at Prince Albert.

Miss Edna Lyall devoted the profits of her most popular novel to the purchase of a peal of bells for the village church at Eastbourne, England.

Vizitelly, a prominent London bookseller, who sells about 1,000 copies of *Zola* weekly, has been committed for trial for selling improper literature.

Mrs. MacGahan, widow of the famous war correspondent, is hard at work upon a novel which is expected to create a sensation in the literary world.

M. Grevy, late President of the French Republic, is busier than ever with his memoirs, which are to comprise events in France between 1848 and 1886.

The Princess of Wales recently appeared at a fête in London in a bustling gown, and some two dozen leaders of fashion have since followed her example.

Another Luther find is reported from Swickau, in Saxony, where the commentaries on the Psalter, issued in 1519 and 1521, have been discovered.

The *Critic*, published at Halifax, is a bright, well-posted and outspoken little paper, which ought to serve as a literary channel for the Maritime Provinces.

There is information to the effect that partial histories of sections of Canada are in preparation, such as the Eastern Townships, the Glengarry district, the Niagara Peninsula and the Ottawa Valley.

Doctor Charles Mackay is in absolute poverty. A subscription has been started in his behalf. He is best known as the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," and other ditties.

"Adirondack" Murray is now dwelling at Quebec, engaged on a descriptive work on a northern portion of our Canadian continent, hitherto almost unknown. The work will be named "The Daylight Land."

The *Canadian Gazette*, in London, and the *Paris-Canada*, in the French capital, are devoting much of their space to our native literature. The editor of the latter is Hon. Hector Fabre, himself at the head of French-Canadian writers.

Karl Werder, the well-known German philosopher, dramatist and dramatic critic, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry upon his professional career at the University of Berlin. He is a native of Berlin, and is in his eighty-second year.

There is now in the press, and will soon be published, a book entitled "Hand Book of Dates," by F. A. McCord, assistant law clerk to the House of Commons, Ottawa. The date and some particulars of every important event in the history of Canada, with some particulars, is given.

At the close of the Summer School, last week, at Deerfield, Mass., Miss Baker read a paper by Mr. John Talon-Lesperance on the "Romance of the History of Canada," in an admirable manner and before the largest session of the season. Mr. Lesperance was unable to be present through family bereavement.

There is talk again of the Talleyrand memoirs being published. They have remained shut from view for fifty years. Talleyrand died in May, 1838, and requested that the memoirs should not see the light for 30 years later. When that time was up Napoleon III. forbade their publication, and they were again postponed for twenty years.

ON THE OTTAWA.

III.

PRIMITIVE HABITANT.

From Oka we cross to Como, one of the most beautiful spots on the Ottawa. The wharf is a platform in the midst of all the greenery, for groups of pretty children and young people to whom the chief event of the day is watching the boat's arrival, and many are the nods and smiles as we steam off.

Up here on deck the peasant *gucule* may be seen in full play. Its appreciative smack over the torrent of nasal utterances issuing therefrom is accompanied by a concurrent elevation of the eyebrows and much appropriate action of the hands. To an alien ear there is a very distinct sounding of the various notes in the gamut, the final one being sustained; thus the query, "What does he say?" becomes in the patois: *Qu'est qu'y dit la* (pronounced law.)

Where is the country bloom one naturally expects to see on these Arcadians? Why should that unhealthy sallowness usurp the lily and the rose on the faces of these rustics?

One small experience may assist in solving the riddle. A friend of mine having first procured the services of a French Canadian nurse, walked into her nursery one morning and found her off-spring breakfasting on bread and cheese and *eau sucrée*. Her amazement and horror-smitten expressions only met with a shrug of the shoulder from Delima at such unreasonable fastidiousness. "It was good food; all Canadian children thrive on the like." Perhaps also a habit of giving the masticatory and digestive organs a very broken rest, and constant chores besides their regular work, may have something to do with it. Every Frenchman, woman or child, appears to have something to munch; here it is a bag of nuts or green plums, there sodden dough-nuts or gum or tobacco; pretext, opportunity and material are never lacking.

Joseph Roux, the pensive priest of Saint Hilaire le Peyron, whose estimation of the peasant is the opposite to that held by his fellow countryman, Max O'Rell, says: "Peasants are caught by the mouth like fish." Probably the ruminative habit engenders reflection.

We have been told that a morbid introspection argues a degenerate condition resultant on dyspepsia. Who knows if, at a certain less advanced stage, indigestion may not bring just that pressure to bear on the brain as shall induce a mild indulgence in philosophizing. Here is one old fellow, with his quid in gentle motion, stating at great length the reasons why we may expect good weather next week. He makes the great weather prophets of no account, but collects his data from vicissitudes of past seasons, the occurrence and nature of certain grasses. The operations of the moon enter largely into his calculations, and here he will digress to impress upon you how powerfully liquids are affected by lunar rays. All the world, he says, knows how the tides are governed; well then, by the same law meat that is killed in the wane of the moon will be tough, the animal's prices being at low ebb. Homespun dyed in the last quarter will quickly fade; the dye cannot retain its hold on the wool. Butter comes with great difficulty at the time of the moon's decline, "et c'est la même chose, partout, partout." A budget full of strange lore is he; always ready with a dozen reasons for every simple, beloved superstition.

Undoubtedly they are of a scientific turn of mind these *habitants*. I am reminded of a case in point. We once owned a grey horse. Several times under the care of a French Canadian, Antoine by name, "Daisy" appeared in harness with a distinctly *écru* tint pervading his person. When spoken to, Antoine declared it to be merely the reflection of the sun." Further remembrance decided him on adopting preventive measures against this phenomenon. Accordingly one morning "Daisy" came round beautifully white and set out on a drive to town. On reaching the principal streets the driver became aware

of the attentive regard of passers-by and a large following of small boys. Cries of "Why don't you send him to Barnum?" and "What'll ye take for the blue zebra, guv'nor?" evoked the discovery that the horse now reflected in streaks of rival intensity heaven's own blue. Antoine had borrowed both the idea and the blue-bag from the washerwoman for the furtherance of a transcendental purity, and heat and exercise brought the mysterious agent to light.

K. A. C.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS.

That there has been a steady and encouraging progress in the quality of Canadian newspapers during the last ten years will hardly be denied by anybody whose interest in the subject has been strong enough to lead to close observation. The improvement is noticeable in the matter of journalistic enterprise; and it is noticeable in the growth of a spirit of independence. This spirit is not only manifested in the professedly independent journals to some extent, but it peeps to the surface quite often in some of the leading party organs. A great deal of virulence has passed away and personal journalism—using the phrase in its offensive sense—is becoming extinct.

This is encouraging; and it speaks well for the people, whose demands are respected by the newspaper proprietors in those reforms. The newspaper proprietors receive much advice in the course of the year, and why, therefore, should they not be learned? They do, in fact, understand their business very well. They know that their real dependence is upon the people, and they know that the most powerful advocacy of an untruthful party measure is helpless against the judgment of the people. The newspaper proprietor is but mortal, after all, and even if he should happen to own a party organ, he is aware that he does not live to himself alone. He recognizes the fact that his readers influence him quite as much as he influences his readers. The growth of independent journalism, therefore, while reflecting credit on the far-sightedness of publishers, at the same time speaks well for the people whose wants the publishers endeavour to supply.

But if it is possible to say that Canadian newspapers are advancing in a hopeful and encouraging way, it is not possible to add that they have reached the highest perfection—that they have attained the popular ideal. There is still much to be done. The city daily and the country town weekly still afford vast room for improvement. I propose to discuss briefly in this article some of the lines along which improvement might be effected in our dailies.

1. There is needed more careful workmanship in the matter of editorial writing. A well-written editorial which seizes the main points of a subject and treats them in a popular manner is sure to be read, but an editorial that is wanting in clearness and definiteness of expression is as certain to be passed over, and is calculated to weaken respect for the editorial columns. In some of our dailies there is a fair proportion of good editorial work—timely, careful and popularly presented—but, on the other hand, there is a great deal which falls below the standard. This is probably due not so much to the want of good writers as to the hesitation of publishers about incurring the expense of a varied staff. The English custom of employing outside writers on special subjects is only slightly in vogue, and the little that is done in that line is not systematized.

2. Our newspapers are suffering in what Matthew Arnold called the matter of beauty and distinction, by their proximity to the American journals. Some of the glaring faults of the American journals, the sensational headings, the paragraphic editorials and the reporter's freedom of fancy, are making more headway than they should in Canadian newspapers. In these matters the publishers may understand the wants of their readers best, but it is unquestionable that there is a very general spirit of dissatisfaction amongst readers on those particulars.

3. Canadian newspapers can still afford to develop a larger spirit of political independence if they would keep pace with the demands of the people. There is a pressing need for *reliable* journalism in political matters—reliable, that is, from the people's, and not from the politician's, point of view.

These are a few of the lines along which progress might be made in the Canadian newspaper. The advancement of the newspaper is an indication of the advancement of a people and each have their influence upon the other. If our newspapers could attain to a larger measure of "beauty and distinction" in their method and their spirit, the effect would not be lost upon the people.

Richmond, P.Q.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

A committee has been named to determine the rewards and distinctions to be distributed in connection with the Vatican Exhibition; this committee is sub-divided into several sections, each of which will adjudge within its respective speciality the honorary diplomas, the gold, silver, and bronze medals, and the honourable mention to be conferred on the exhibitors. The medal to be struck will bear on the face the effigy of the Pope, and on the reverse, Religion, her arms open and extended in the act of crowning, on one side the allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture, on the other that of Architecture. Around is the inscription: *Dona oblata Parenti optimo in aedibus Vaticanis publice exposita*, and on the reverse will be graven the words: *Ob exuntem an. L. Sacerdotii ejus*.

THE NEREIDS' WAIL.

FROM THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND" OF AESCHYLUS,
CHORUS 405-444.

I pity thy disastrous fate,
O my Prometheus!
And from these eyelids delicate
The large and plenteous tear-drops pour,
Bathing my white cheeks o'er
With lukewarm dew.
Direful are thy woes, for o'er the Heavenly powers
Zeus, with arbitrary laws and arrogance, towers.
All the land resounds
With dismal sounds,
And, mourning, weeps for thee,
Weeps o'er thy cruel penalty,
Large-limbed, time-honoured Deity!
All they who dwell in Asia's hallowed meads,
And valiant girls of Colchis, bold in war,
The clans of Scythia, who refresh their steeds
Near the Mæotian lake—earth's utmost bound afar;
The savage tribes that pitch their shifting tents
Here on the beetling crags of Caucasus, and start
Its echoes with the clash of levelled dart,
All, all bewail thy intolerable punishment.
Never before thee did a god
Thus cringe beneath the rod,
Or, pining in rough iron chains,
Endure such cruel pains,
Save only Titan Atlas, bent—
By inexorable Fate—
Beneath the weight
Of the aerial firmament.
And now for thee the ocean waves
Ebbing, bemoan—the deeps respond;
The nether-earth, from out its gloomy caves,
Repeats the wailing sound,
In accents grave and low.
Up from their mountain spring
The clear, clean waters surge,
And surging, sing
The dirge,
Prometheus, of thy piteous woe!

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

MEMORIES.

Summers come, and summers go.
Even's gold and ruby glow
Deepens into rayless shade.
Blossoms bloom, and blossoms fade;

Though the flower, flowering fair,
Honeys all the fragrant air;
And the sunset's golden dyes
Bright illumine all the skies,

Yet, as music died-away
Lingering in the mind will stay,—
Though but briefly they abide,
They will bless the aftertide.

Ottawa.

WILLIAM H. P. WATSON.



STONY CREEK, IN THE SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman



YOU DARLING!

From the painting by Mrs. Goodman.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

The Land of Evangeline.

BY GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., OF WINNIPEG.

True to our mission of making the country known as much as possible, we publish the following paper, with slight abridgments, from the pen of a gentleman, whom the editor knows well by name, and from having heard an historical record read by him, as a delegate from Manitoba, before the English section of the Royal Society of Canada, three or four years ago. The original appeared in the *Winnipeg Sun*.

We had spent a pleasant week in Halifax, and on a beautiful morning started north, by the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, "on pleasure bent." There were three of us—a lawyer, a journalist and a professor—and on account of our initials we passed as the B. C. D. club. It is an old saying that two are company, but three are none. Under some circumstances this may be true, but it was not so with the B. C. D.'s. When you travel it is much more lively to have three than two. It is always two against one. All are aboard the train for the apple orchards. Nova Scotia grows the best flavoured, best-appearing apples in the world, they say. We saw only the blossoms, but these were certainly full of hope. Our company on the railway contained Governor St. John, of Kansas temperance fame; also, W. H. Blanchard, of Winnipeg, uncle of the late Sadley Blanchard, of Winnipeg, and Dr. Blanchard. He lives at Windsor, and gave the party much interesting information about the town. Windsor is reached, and a well-known gentleman of the town was present to meet the B. C. D.'s. Our party had been fully noticed in the *Chronicle* and *Herald* of Halifax as a party of scientific, historical and generally important persons, and a good send-off is a great help. The secretary of the club had sent on ahead to a number of desirable persons about our journey. Accordingly, at Windsor an old Nor'western authority, Professor Hind, came to meet us. He could not accompany the party, but brought a basketful of most splendid roses. Their sweet odour kept the veteran explorer in our minds for days. Prof. Hind's description of the Northwest, in his journey on the "Assiniboine and Saskatchewan expedition of 1858," is one of the most reliable accounts ever given of the Northwest. It was a pleasure to see the aforetime explorer and to chat with him a few minutes as the train rested. Soon after passing Windsor the club alighted from the train at Lower Horton, and was now in the country of Evangeline. The apple blossoms filled the air with their odour, and we knew that this was the "Acadian land," and, wonderful to say, as the club landed and were being hurried off to our kind friend, A. McNutt Patterson, Esq., a member of one of the best known families of Nova Scotia, our eyes fell, on the wayside, on a representative of the white cattle of the district, which the members at once concluded must be a descendant of Evangeline's beautiful heifer, which, in the former days,

Proud of her snow-white hide and the ribbon that waved
from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

At our pleasant resting-place there was an hour to wait for dinner, and so the B. C. D.'s sat on the lawn, looking north-eastward to the "Mines Basin," the upper part of the Bay of Fundy, and the chairman of the club was set to work reading "Evangeline" on the very scene of the tale. Yes, out from our place on the rising ground, thousands of acres of sea meadow were to be seen, and where the

Dikes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour
incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tide

These vast meadows, covered with waving grass, are still the source of wealth of this part of Nova Scotia. Yes, over there to the right may be seen the entrance of the river into the basin, the very spot where the ships of the British, so famous in the story of the poor Acadians, rode

In the Gaspereau's mouth.

Along the rising ground, now occupied as our resting-place, had been the

Houses with frames of oak and of chestnut,

in which the Acadian farmers lived. There were apple trees to the right of us, apple trees to the left of us. Yet on a rising ground, a little farther away to the left, appeared a beautiful, newly-planted orchard of many acres in extent, and on enquiry the information was given that it bore the name of "Saint Eulalie." How appropriate, as it brought back vividly the heroine of the region, who was called the "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie." Dinner over, the club was formally called upon by the physician of the district, a member of a well-known "blue nose" family, Dr. Chipman. The doctor is well up in all the folk-lore of the region, and immediately proceeded to conduct the B. C. D.'s to the various points of historic interest. His splendid team and comfortable carriage brought back, by strange contrast, the "broad-wheeled wains" of the old Acadians as they must have lumbered past. In a few minutes after starting the site of the village of Grand Pré was reached. Grand Pré is doubly famous. Here was pointed out the very spot where, in the old border wars between the English and French, Col. Noble, in 1757, and his band of British soldiers, were surprised in the night, and where the bodies of the poor fellows killed had been buried. But it was the Acadian village that most concerned us. In a field, directly in front of the little railway station of Grand Pré, is a clump of willow trees, and near them a well, which identifies the place. Near this well was dug up, a few years ago, a coffin, which was taken to point out the site of the belfry from which "softly the Angelus sounded." The coffin was soon cut up into relics. Our accomplished cicerone having pointed out the rows of old willow trees, and even one gnarled old apple tree, all said to be of the Acadian time, drove us a few miles over the country to a real find of relics of the time of the Acadian peasants. These are in possession of R. R. Duncan, Esq., of Grand Pré. They were all taken out of the famous well of the village, and included, among other things, many useful articles, which brought vividly to mind the famous character of "Basil the blacksmith," and afforded the B. C. D.'s many opportunities for appropriate jests in their subsequent journey. There were iron chains, pinchers, knives, hammers, spoons, a hatchet and the like, and a number of heavy iron clamps, which have puzzled all the antiquarians as to their use. These were certainly rusty enough to have belonged to the earliest workers in the iron age. When looking at relics it is best to be of a trustful disposition. Mr. Duncan is said to have been offered \$1,000 for his collection by young Vanderbilt, of New York, but refused the offer. Leaving behind the site of the village of historic memories, the carriage took us over the ridge, which overlooks the Annapolis valley. To the writer came back constantly visions of the expatriated Acadians. No doubt Longfellow has presented to us the poet's view of Acadian life, but, after all, the poet often gives a truer picture than the historian. The historian becomes confused and blinded in his attempt to disentangle the knotted threads of action, while the poet soars into the region of sorrow, fear and hope, and gives a true picture of the time at least. After carefully examining the "Nova Scotian archives," gathered together by T. B. Akin, Esq., and Parkman's case against the Acadians in his "Wolfe and Montcalm," as well as ex-Governor Archibald's paper, and while not excusing Abbé Casgrain for showing too much French-Canadian feeling in this discussion, yet the chairman of the club is compelled to say that the sad story of the poet remains with him, to the exclusion largely of the considerations of state necessity, by which the expulsion of the Acadians is justified. But, while the reverie is going on, the ridge is crossed, and the club is rapidly entering the valley of the Gaspereau. All the rivers here are tidal, which gives them, twice a day, a strange appearance, to a landsman from the interior. Here was passed the residence of Judge Weatherbe, a noted experimenter in apple culture. The open-

ing of the English apple market in the last few years, and the giving up of potato growing, which was so marked a feature of the lower provinces before Confederation, has resulted in the planting of thousands of new orchards; and while a western man sees little or no advance in the farming, the prairie dweller cannot help envying the "blue-noses" their orchards. Over the ridge again, and on its descent, there bursts upon us the aristocratic village of Wolfville. This is a village principally of one street, and yet it is the seat of a university, viz., the Acadian College of the Baptist Church. The long, straggling village is a perfect avenue of beautiful trees. The B. C. D.'s, with the doctor as their guide, as representing all the estates, called on the president of the college, and went through the substantial buildings, which contain a museum, having a particularly good mineral collection, and a neatly arranged library. The janitor was a good-natured son of Africa, and the decided features of his ebony face remains with us still. Leaving the classic shades, the party hurried off to catch the train, and with profuse thanks, presented by the club in its most effective manner to the son of Esculapius, who had so hospitably entertained its members, was soon en route for Hantsport, on the W. & A. Railway. On the train was Prof. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, who, some say, has the truest spirit of poetry of any of our young *littérateurs*. He is an unassuming young man; did not strike us as having any "transcendental æstheticism" of the man of genius, but as being a common-sense young fellow. One of his critics, the day after, said he could see and describe more on a given square inch of surface than any man he knew. The club regarded this as a tribute to the penetration and intensity of the poet. How remarkable the man would be with whom we could find no fault! Over night at Hantsport, taking in a temperance lecture at St. John's, and up early next morning. The B. C. D.'s walked a couple of miles to pay their respects to the veteran Micmac missionary. This remarkable man, Silas T. Rand, is said to be the best living scholar in the Micmac tongue, a dialect of the Chippewa. He has been a Baptist missionary for forty years among the Indians, visiting them from time to time. He lives according to Muller's principle—"by faith." It is remarkable that his surprising ability as a linguist so long escaped recognition. It is said that the secretary of the B. C. D. club is largely responsible for his good qualities being brought to notice in the public press. Mr. Rand received in the same year (1886) the degree of D.D. from Acadia College, Wolfville, and LL.D. from Queen's College, Kingston. Our early morning visit was, however, in vain, as the worthy missionary was off on one of his "journeys of faith." His wife said that when he felt stirred to go abroad nothing could keep him, and his going was generally not in vain. From Hantsport a trim little steamer bore the club across the Basin of Mines. Around the whole basin is "Acadian land." The captain was impressed with the importance of the B. C. D.'s, and so went out of his course to allow them to gaze at the spot where, as Longfellow has it, "Away to the northward Blomidon rose." Blomidon is a great headland of new red sandstone layers, but on the top of it there has been an overflow of lava, which is solidified into a dark, massive trap rock. Every spring beautiful crystals from the lava formation are carried down to the base of the cliff and are picked up on the beach. Blomidon is the Micmac land of romance. The great prominent headland must impress white and red man alike. To the west of it is a long tongue of land called Cape Split. With this is associated the name of Gluscap, the Micmac Hiawatha. It is said that the Basin of Mines was originally shut in as a lake. The water was overflowing the shores and threatened to destroy every living thing. Gluscap, the Indian deliverer, placed his strong, broad shoulder behind Blomidon, and, hurling it round, opened up the way by which the high water escaped into the Bay of Fundy. Enjoying the sail, viewing the mountains of Cumberland in the distance, and the group of islands, called the Five Islands, up the basin, the club

again set foot on *terra firma* on Partridge Island, and were driven hurriedly over the village of Parrsboro, so called after the old U. E. governor of Nova Scotia. (On the lookout for the party here was James Hannay, the author of the "History of Acadia," which is one of the best written works in the field of Canadian history. Hannay has long been identified with the newspaper press as a strong and telling writer. The club was never found wanting at dinner, and enjoyed Mr. Hannay's company with them very much. His crisp and well-timed run of small talk was very pleasant. Mr. Hannay is busy on a history of the war of 1812. A part of the afternoon was spent with Dr. Townshend, the magnate of Parrsboro. The doctor, quite a young man, is owner of a great part of Parrsboro, and is the moving spirit in it. This was, a hundred years ago, a settlement of half-pay officers and other gentlemen. Such an immigration makes but a poor showing in a new country, though their knowledge and cultivation are all of use in the sum total of colonial life. Now Parrsboro is becoming a port for the shipment of coal mines of Cumberland County. The faithful club secretary, in order to save time, had arranged for a special railway train to take the party to Spring Hill mines, 27 miles distant. At 5 o'clock the train, consisting of an engine and one coach, appeared, and in a short time the club was at Spring Hill mines, where they were met by the manager, and were most hospitably treated by the obliging managing-director of the mine, Mr. R. G. Leckie, and by his amiable wife. Mr. Leckie is a gentleman of education as well as practical experience. His library contains the latest scientific works of the most advanced kind. No sooner was dinner over than the club lost its identity by dressing up in old garments for the descent of the mine. C's hat was an object of much interest to the rest of the party, but it was evening. Every preparation had been made, and with Overground Manager Hall, and Underground Manager Swift, the party slowly descended the incline, at an angle of about 30 degrees for 1,900 feet into the bowels of the earth. The shaft was dark as Erebus, but each man carried his lamp, not excepting the members of the club. The different seams and galleries were inspected, and the chairman took especial interest in the "faults," varieties of rock, and especially trees and fern remains embedded in the walls. Manager Swift, who is a thoroughly practical man, conversed freely on his theories of coal formation, and the interchange of theoretical views was very interesting. Since coming away Manager Swift has kindly forwarded a box of valuable specimens of the carboniferous rocks to the museum of Manitoba college, and for these the thanks of the club are due. The ascent, in company with some forty workmen, was most striking. Forty grimy-faced men, with lamps in their caps, in six or eight connected flat cars, put one in mind of the swarthy followers of "She," in their subterranean passages, while the running up and down the incline suggested the descent in Jules Verne's journey to the centre of the earth. The sensation of having a quarter of a mile of solid rock above your head is somewhat oppressive. A short railway journey, next morning, brought the club to Maccan. This place is only celebrated as being the junction of the Joggins Railway. The club thought there was something in the name Joggins peculiar. It suggested an episode or story. The secretary, no doubt thinking of Dicken's "Mugby Junction," was cudgelling his brains to find out the meaning of the name, till a plain countryman informed him it was simply where the shore hill had a "jog in." The secretary immediately collapsed. The Joggins Railway has only been open six months. It has but one engine, which is engaged in drawing coal. That one engine—the whole resources of the road—was placed at the disposal of the club, and on it the club proceeded. At Joggins there was building the mighty raft. This the club inspected. It was something amazing. Built on the ways like a schooner, it consisted of 22,000 pieces of spruce timber. These were piles, for wharves, each averaging 35 to 40 feet in length. They were put

together in a cigar shape. The mass was 55 feet wide and 38 feet deep, was fastened together by chains, and girt about every few feet with steel wire. The model is patented by Mr. W. R. Robertson, and James Leary, of New York, is the owner. The dwellers at Joggins were all opposed to the raft. It would take 80 schooners to carry the timber. Hence these tears. In the last few days the papers state that the monster raft has been successfully launched. But Joggins is still more celebrated as a geological bonanza. Here Sir William Dawson's fame as a geologist was made. For two miles along the shore is a perpendicular cliff of carboniferous rock. The sea, at high tide, washes the base. This sweeps out the *débris* to sea, thus keeping the cliff face always free. Numerous fossil trees are seen on the cliff face. The fern impressions, sigillaria, calamites and other plant markings in the specimens carried away by the chairman of the club made his valise an object of dislike to the porters all the way to Winnipeg. Back from Joggins to Maccan, and thence to Amherst by train, brought the club to its last, but not least, interesting adventure. Amherst is the town on the isthmus—the Corinth—of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is the very centre of historic interest in Nova Scotia. And the man who knows most of all this is Judge Morse, the embodiment of law for Cumberland county. Judge Morse is a perfect encyclopædia on the Acadians. Moreover, as soon as dinner was discussed, he was on hand with his comfortable and stately equipage to transport the club to Fort Beausejour.

This is the old French fort, which the English in taking re-named Cumberland. A few miles from Amherst the highland is reached and this "Calais" of Acadia is gained. Its site is simply grand. It looks out on the "Basin of Mines," which the French here called, with their felicity in giving names, "Beaubassin." The heavy earthworks of Beausejour remain. We saw to the east Fort Lawrence, where the English were. The French outpost in the marshes lay between. To the west are the wide Tentremar marshes, so called from the roar or shaking of the sea. Driving along the ridge for a mile was to be seen the site of the old French church, and the chairman indulged in a few outbursts of feeling against La Loutre, the violent priest, the troubles of the whole Acadian shore. A detour of a couple of miles brought us to the bridge by way of which the British crossed through the marshes and gained the heights of Beausejour. The capture of Beausejour was a hinge event in history. Well may its name be translated "Beautiful for situation." To Judge Morse the club was immensely indebted. It is a joy to visitors to meet one so thoroughly versed in the folk-lore of the locality. Judge Morse is also an enterprising leader in reclaiming the marshes. This is simply shutting out the sea from low flats along the shore by means of dikes. This needs experience, capital and patience. The French were adepts at it. These marshes along the "Beaubassin" of old are the best hay-producing regions of Nova Scotia to-day. There is here a source of great wealth. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a philanthropist, then Judge Morse and his associates well deserve high honour. From Amherst the club separated. The secretary returned to Halifax to write editorials on the Cumberland election, the legal member came west to Ontario to spend a well-earned holiday, and the chairman to grind out these dreary lines. When shall we three meet again?

Esther Jezreel, the leader of the New and Latter House of Israel, died at her seat, the Woodlands, Chatham, lately, after twelve days' illness. She was known to her followers as "Queen Esther." This curious body hold that they are an elect people, who are to be preserved from the grave and corruption.

The Black Sea owes its name to its frequent tempests. The White Sea to its masses of floating ice. The Red Sea sometimes looks almost as red as blood.

SESAME AND LILIES.

When John Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" happened to be in my hands for a few days, I undertook its perusal without expecting much pleasure or even profit, for I had a pre conceived idea that anything from Ruskin's pen would be rather over the head of an ordinary mortal.

I had a year or two previously read one of his volumes with blameable carelessness, for, afterward, the only idea I could recall from it was that the eye is best pleased by a landscape not definitely bounded, but which opens out with a suggestion of infinity. (Needless to say these are not the exact words.) So I took up "Sesame and Lilies," prepared for an abstruse dissertation on true and false conceptions of art and beauty, or some such theme, with an up-in-the-clouds treatment and a plentiful sprinkling of technical terms.

What an agreeable and startling disappointment it was to find it one of the most straightforward, practical of books, full of earnest purpose, clothed in simplest form!

It is true that, for a while in reading "Sesame," I felt somewhat as though the austere lecturer had set me on a stool in the corner with that relic of school-room barbarism, a dunce's cap, on my head, and said to me:—

"Firstly—You think you know something.

Secondly—You know nothing.

Thirdly—I shall try to teach you something, but it is doubtful if you can learn."

However, he let me down from my ignominious perch before long in a more receptive, if somewhat humiliated, frame of mind.

I need not dwell on the many points of interest in the little book—to the majority of readers it is doubtless well known—but to any girl who has not already profited by it I should strongly recommend a careful study of "Sesame and Lilies." When the last page is reached she will find her mind full of strong thoughts, her hands full of noble work, and a rare prospect of usefulness unfolding before her mental vision.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIN.

PERPLEXITY.

A HINT FROM THE FRENCH.

Saint Cupid! what a charming pair
Of sisters I'm between—
One brown as Autumn, one as fair
As Tennyson's May Queen.
Their beauty differs as the light
Of Phoebus and the Moon:
But, if I read my heart aright
J'aime mieux la brune.

And yet the blonde I dearly prize,
And fain her charms would woo:
Her hair is golden, and her eyes
Are exquisitely blue.
Each time I greet her, morn or eve,
My passion grows more fond,
Till, on the whole, I half believe,
J'aime mieux la blonde.

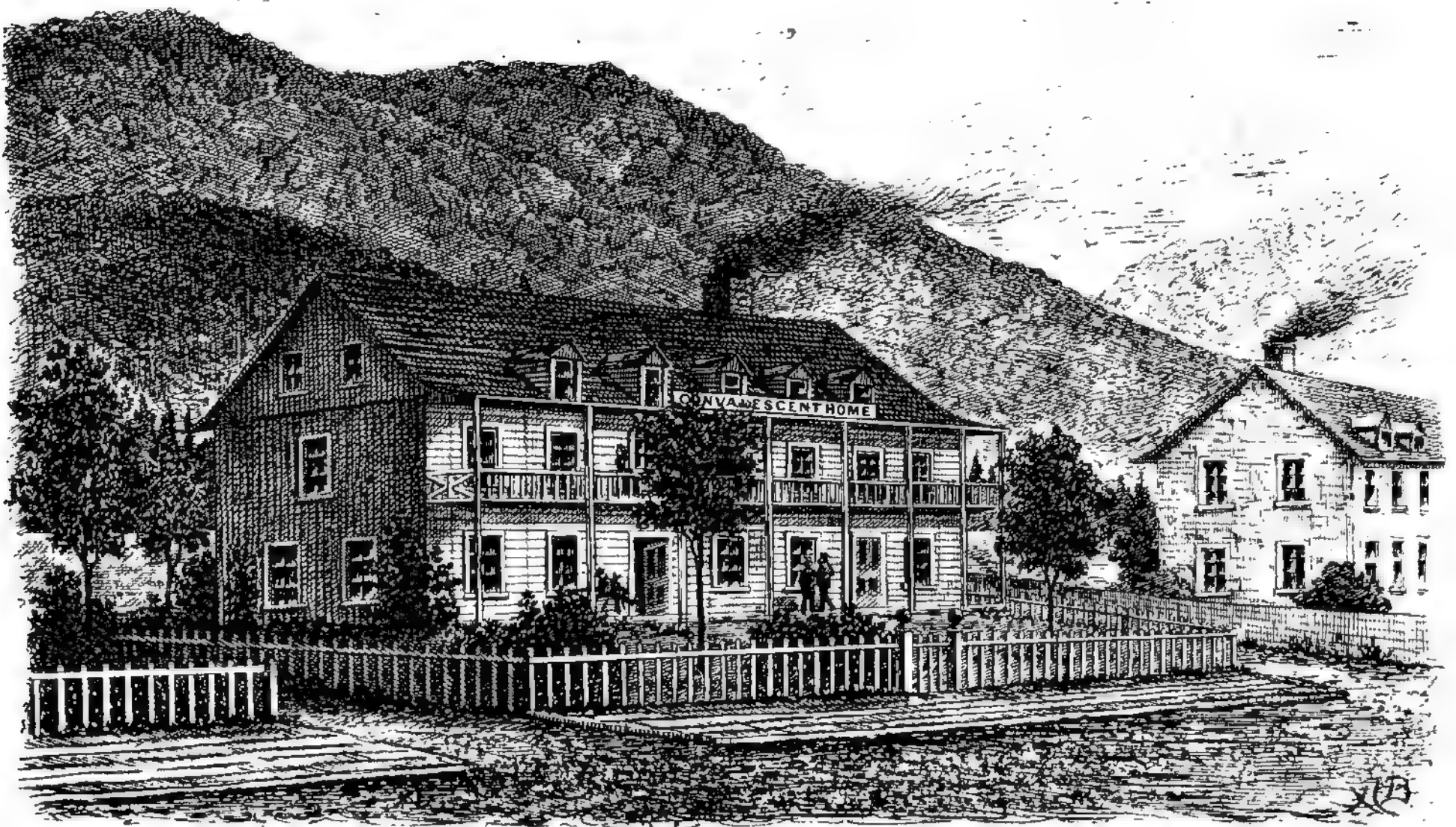
The elder siren's eyes are brown,
Her dainty mouth is red;
Her smiles (I never saw her frown)
Would turn King Arthur's head.
A perfect form and perfect face
Are hers by Nature's boon,
And so, for symmetry and grace
J'aime mieux la brune.

But still, whene'er I turn my gaze
Upon her sister pearl,
I feel her soft bewitching ways
Around my fancy curl.
Fair as the lily's stainless flower,
Lithe as a willow-wand,
She seems more winning every hour—
J'aime mieux la blonde.

Compelled two magnets to obey,
Well-poised the needle lies:
My heart, that two attractions sway,
To each, distracted, flies.
Sweet girls! though honour bids me choose
Between you, I am loath:
Reluctant either one to lose,
I love you both!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



THE CONVALESCENT HOME, MURRAY BAY.

From a sketch.



THE SKEENA EXPEDITION.—H. M. STEAMER "CAROLINE" NEARING PORT ESSINGTON.

From a sketch by Major Peters



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.



Nova Scotia ship owners will benefit to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars by the boom in freights.

During the first six months of the present year 10,501 emigrants have settled in Manitoba or the Northwest.

Discoveries of iron have been made by Duluth explorers on the north branch of the Vermilion range, on the Canadian side of the line.

By the 1st of September 8,000 bales of cotton goods will have been shipped from Canada to China, representing a value of half a million dollars.

The Canadian Pacific Railway having reduced the price of land 25 to 33 per cent., Land Commissioner Hamilton, of Winnipeg, reports largely increased sales.

Dominion Analyst Macfarlane has found that, of the water used by various Canadian cities, Hamilton has the purest and Ottawa very nearly the most impure.

Fishing on the north shore of Gaspé is pretty good, the catch of cod is fair, and there was a considerable run of large size mackerel in the neighborhood of Bonne Esperance.

The reports that the crops in the Northwest have been damaged by the cool wave have been effectively refuted. There was no frost and the crops are not damaged in the slightest. The weather has now grown milder and all fears of danger are past.

Fifteen thousand barrels of herring for bait purposes were exported from the Magdalen Islands to Newfoundland and St. Pierre, and five thousand seals were caught on shore this year. About one hundred American vessels have visited the island since the opening of navigation.

Immigration returns for July show the number of arrivals during the month to have been 19,621, being an increase of 4,290 over the same month last year. The number of settlers in the Dominion during the month was 11,196, being an increase of 3,106. During the first seven months of the fiscal year the total arrivals have been 104,164, of whom 51,519 settled in Canada, an increase over last year of 18,068 arrivals and 7,283 settlers.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

IX.

THE TRIOLET.

We come now to the short and sweet. The Triplet is, as it were, the quintessence of the other mediæval shapes of verse. It is short, but hard to do well, with one refrain brought in three times, the second refrain twice, and keeps strictly to two rhymes. The Triplet consists of eight lines. The first pair of lines are repeated as the seventh and eighth, and the first is repeated as the fourth. The first Triplet dates back to the days of Adenès-le-Roi, 1258-1297, and has always been popular, being specially so in our day. In France, Theodore de Banville heads the list.

We shall begin by quoting from old Froissart, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, what is looked upon as a pattern of the Triplet:—

Mon coer s'esbat en oudourant la rose,
Et s'esjoist en regardant ma dame.
Trop mieulz me vaut l'une que l'autre chose,
Mon coer s'esbat en oudourant la rose.
L'oudour m'est bon, mès don regart je n'ose
Juer trop fort, je vous le jur par m'ame,
Mon coer s'esbat en oudourant la rose,
Et s'esjoist en regardant ma dame.

Nor may I overlook what has been called the "King of Triplets," by Jacques Ranchin:—

Le premier jour du mois de mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie:
Le beau dessin que je formai,
Le premier jour du mois de mai!
Je vous vis et je vous aimai.
Si ce dessin vous plut, Sylvie,
Le premier jour du mois de mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.

Coming down to our own makers of Triplet, we light upon this from Robert Bridges—that is not complimentary to the fairies of the world:—

All women born are so perverse,
No man need boast their love possessing,
If nought seem better, nothing's worse:
All women born are so perverse,
From Adam's wife that proved a curse,
Though God had made her for a blessing.
All women born are so perverse
No man need boast their love possessing.

Arlo Bates rather admires the young fairy:—

Wee Rose is but three,
Yet coquettes she already.
I can scarcely agree
Wee Rose is but three,
When her archness I see!
Are the sex born unsteady?—
Wee Rose is but three,
Yet coquettes she already.

Here is a bit of *genre* that reminds one of the Brothers Cheeryble, in Dickens' great character story:—

A pitcher of mignonette
In a tenement's highest casement;
Queer sort of a flower-pot—yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set
To the little sick child in the basement,—
The pitcher of mignonette
In the tenement's highest casement.

The foregoing little gem is signed by H. C. Bunner.

I now give three, out of six "Rose-Leaves" by Austin Dobson:—

Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day,
But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow;—
Rose kissed me to-day,—
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

The next is called: "A Greek Gift":—

Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!
Is it verse? Is it prose?
Here's a present for Rose!
"Plats," "Entées" and "Rots,"—
Why, it's "Goulé on Cooking!"—
Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!

The other bears the title from Horace's Epistle to the Pisos: "Creceus Exit":—

I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet,
It began *à la mode*,
I intended an Ode:
But Rose crossed the road,
In her latest new bonnet,
I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet.

By utmost stretching, we can make room for only three more, the first of which is "A Corsage Bouquet," by C. H. Liders:—

Myrtilla, to-night,
Wears Jacqueminot roses,
She's the loveliest sight!
Myrtilla, to-night!
Correspondingly light
My pocket-book closes,
Myrtilla, to-night,
Wears Jacqueminot roses!

The next is an apology for gazing at a young lady in church,—taken from the *Century*:—

The sermon was long,
And the preacher was prosy.
Do you think it was wrong?
The sermon was long,
The temptation was strong,
Her cheeks were so rosy.
The sermon was long,
And the preacher was prosy.

Harrison Roberts will wind us up with a Double Triplet:—

WHAT HE SAID.

This kiss upon your fan I press,
Ah! Saint Nitouche, you don't refuse it,
And may it, from its soft recess,
This kiss upon your fan I press,
Be blown to you a shy caress.
By this white down whenever you use it:
This kiss upon your fan I press,
Ah! Saint Nitouche, you don't refuse it.

II.

WHAT SHE SAID.

To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man,
To kiss a fan,
When he knows that—he—can,
Or he ought to know it.
To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!

DERIVATION OF NAMES OF STATES.

Maine—From Province of Maine, France.
New Hampshire—From Hampshire county, England; was originally "Laconia."

Vermont—From *Vert* and *Mont*—Green mountain.
Massachusetts—Indian, meaning "The country about the great hill."

Rhode Island—Uncertain; supposed to be named after the Isle of Rhodes, also from the Dutch, "Red Island."

Connecticut—Mohican—Quon-ek-ta-cut.

New York—In compliment to the Duke of York.

New Jersey—After the Isle of Jersey.

Pennsylvania—From William Penn and "sylvania" woods.

Delaware—From Thomas West, Lord Delaware.

Maryland—From the queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria.

Virginia—From Queen Elizabeth—the "Virgin Queen."

North and South Carolina—In honour of Charles IX. of France.

Georgia—In honour of George II. of England.

Florida—Named by Ponce de Leon to commemorate the day of his discovery, *Pasqua de Flores*, or Feast of Flowers, or Easter Sunday, as we call it.

Alabama—From the Indian—Here we rest.

Mississippi—From the Natchez Indians—signifying "Father of the Waters."

Louisiana—In honor of Louis XIV. of France.

Texas—From the Indian "Tehas," signifying Paradise.

Ohio—From the Indian—"Very white with froth," and "steam."

Indiana—From the word Indian.

Illinois—From the Indian *illini* and French *ois*—meaning "tribes of men."

Michigan—From the Indian—meaning "lake country."

Wisconsin—Indian—"Wild rushing channel."

Minnesota—Dakota language, meaning "Cloudy or sky water."

Tennessee—Indian—"River of the Big Bend."

Kentucky—Indian—"At the head of the river."

Arkansas-Kansas—(Indian) and Arc (French), pronounced Ark an-saw.

Nebraska—Indian, meaning "Shallow water and flat country."

Colorado—Indian, referring to rivers.

Nevada—Spanish, signifying "snow clad."

California—Supposed to be derived from Cortez, and by him from an old Spanish island in romance, meaning an "Abundance of gold." Another suggested origin is from the Spanish *caliente fornata*, meaning "hot furnace."

Oregon—Indian—"River of the West." In 1578 Sir Francis Drake called this portion of the continent "New Albion."

Dakota—Sioux word, signifying "Many headed," or many in one government; referring to numerous Sioux tribes under one chief.

Montana—French—*Mont*, meaning mountainous.

Idaho—Indian—"The gem of the mountains."

Utah—Indian—"Contented people." By the Mormons called "Deseret," signifying "virtue and industry."

Arizona—Indian—"Blessed Sun."

New Mexico—Aztec, denoting "The habitation of the God of War."

Wyoming—Indian—"Wide plain."

It will be seen that of the forty-six States and territories, twenty-six have names of Indian origin. The dusky race must pass away, but their name will live as long as American history is known.

"Their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

[Some of these derivations are fanciful; others faulty. Florida is not put forth rightly; Ohio is "Beautiful River," Illinois, as here explained, is nonsense; the "Arc," in Arkansas, is imaginary, the whole word being Indian; and Colorado is pure Spanish for red-yellow.—EDITOR.]

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—A bookseller at Lyons

named Roux is issuing a literary curiosity. It is

a volume entirely of silk, to be published in twenty-

five parts, of which fifteen have already appeared,

at the price of \$2 per number. The text is woven

in the silk. As each number consists of only two

leaves, the whole volume, containing the Roman

Catholic mass and a number of prayers, will have

only fifty leaves, round the Gothic text of which

every leaf has a specially designed mediæval

border. Both text and border are woven in black

silk on a white surface, and the effect is said to be

"very artistic."

The religious who attended the last days of the

Emperor Frederick were the Sisters of St. Charles

Borromeo. Among them was Sister Hedwige,

who was by birth a Princess Radziwill. The

Germania says that not only the venerable

Empress Augusta, but also the widowed Empress

Victoria and her late august husband, were warm

admirers and patrons of both the Sisters of Mercy

and the so called "Grey Sisters."



LAKE WINNIPEG FISHERIES.

A trip to Swampy Island, Reindeer Island, or the mouth of the Big Saskatchewan at this time of the year, says the Winnipeg correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, gives some insight into the enormous white-fish industry of Lake Winnipeg. Professional fishing was commenced on the lake in 1884 by Reid & Clarke, who made fortunes out of it. The largest part of the business consists almost altogether in supplying Chicago, Detroit, New York, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large American cities with the Lake Winnipeg white-fish, which occupy a special place on the bills of fare of all large hotels. During September the number of men employed is greatly increased, and large numbers of Indians are hired every day. An outfit consists of numerous boats and a large tug; each boat handles about twenty nets, while the tug handles from forty to sixty. Although fishing was not started this year till June 12th, one firm have already sent to their headquarters at Selkirk over 1,200,000 pounds of salted fish, 800 boxes of frozen fish (130 pounds to the boxes), and from twenty to twenty-five tons of fresh fish. The boats are generally clinker built, one-half deck, carrying a main and fore sail. Each boat sets a "gang" or 9,450 feet of net at one time. The plant of the fishing companies amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value. The lake is probably the most productive on the continent. On Lake Huron if thirty nets get 1,500 pounds or 300 fish, the catch is called excellent. On Lake Winnipeg sixteen nets take 2,500 fish or 10,000 pounds in one night, and it is not considered extraordinary. Our advantage is over three times greater than this, for while the nets are lifted but every third day on Lake Huron, they are lifted daily on Lake Winnipeg. Fishermen all agree that they never knew what fishing was till they "struck" Manitoba. The fishing is carried on in winter as well as in summer, but not by the professionals. In winter holes fifteen fathoms apart are cut in the ice and the nets inserted and passed under by means of long poplar poles through the water from hole to hole. The Indian dogs or hunkies haul the portable canvas house—like the top of a prairie immigrant waggon on runners—with a sheet iron stove and a supply of fire wood to the "basin holes," and there the nets are "set" and "lifted" in comparative comfort. The fish caught in summer are either artificially frozen or salted before being shipped to the United States. In the winter they are frozen and transported without the assistance of refrigerator cars. In 1886, 214,000 pounds of salt white-fish were shipped to Minneapolis alone. The industry must grow to enormous proportions, for besides Lake Winnipeg—8,500 square miles in an area—we have Lake Manitoba, 1,600 square miles; Winnipegosis, 1,936 square miles; also Nepigon, Rainy Lake, Lake St. Joseph, Lake Seul, and others. Great Bear Lake, 10,000 square miles, and Great Slave, 12,000 square miles, are at present inaccessible, but in a few years they, too, will come within range of the Canadian and American markets.

A GOOD VOICE.—There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the House through the lack of it, while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of 21. Mr. Lecky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest building and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same time it conveyed every inflexion of feeling with the most delicate flexibility. The great majority of celebrated orators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the occasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt all the night afterward as if a heavy cannonade had been resounding in his ears. Garrick used to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did. Mr. Gladstone's voice has the music and the resonance of a silver trumpet.



"Silence is golden," which may account for the belief of many that silence at times indicates guilt.

A travelled blue nose says: "They can't begin fur till give an eddication in New Brunswick like they can in Massachusetts."

An American woman is now second in command of the German army—the wife of Von Waldersee. Come to think of it, perhaps she is first in command.

The *Buffalo Courier* announces that "the Hon. Peter Mitchell, formerly Minister of Marine and Fisheries, conducts the baseball department of the *Montreal Herald*."

When a preacher in Hutchinson, Kan., announced as his text last Sabbath, "Ye are the salt of the earth," the congregation rose simultaneously and indulged in prolonged cheering.

"I suppose Miss Astergould's rejection of young Snipkins nearly broke his heart?"

"No, it didn't break his heart, but it busted his scheme to go abroad on her money."

Young physician (pompously) —Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's three times a day for a week. He is a very sick man, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith—He must be by this time.

"What do you publish a paper for, I'd like to know?" sarcastically enquired an irate politician, tackling a country editor.

"For two dollars a year, in advance," responded the editor, "and you owe me for four years."

"What is that you are wearing?" asked the farmer of his fair city boarder.

"Oh, that's my red Jersey."

"All right," was his reply, "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in the fields, unless you are good at climbing trees."

An Eastern traveller was asked to write a line in a lady's album. He wrote: "L'habitude de vivre avec les bêtes m'a rendu indulgent pour les femmes." He signed his name. The lady underlined it with this: "L'habitude de vivre avec les hommes m'a rendu indulgent pour les bêtes." She signed her name.

"Father, the papers say you 'officiated at the wedding, clad in the traditional garb of the clergy.' What does traditional mean?"

"Traditional, my son," replied the poor minister, as he looked at his suit of black with a sigh, "refers to things that have been handed down."

TOASTING THE DOCTORS.—At the late annual meeting of the Indiana State Medical Society, a telegram was received from Bill Nye as follows: "Sorry I cannot be there. May you and associates continue to take life easily, as heretofore. Bill Nye." This was received with great applause, which commenced as a murmur and increased to a roar, as the joke gradually percolated.

She was sitting in the parlour with her beau when the old man came down stairs and opened the front door.

"Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?"

"Merely to untie the dog," he replied.

"Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, and reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good night."

A young man failed to receive an invitation to a surprise party, to which many that he knew were specially invited. He brooded over it awhile, and then stole a march on all the others by inviting the young lady, in whose honour the party was, to go with him to the theatre. Not knowing of any other arrangement, she gladly accepted, and after the performance he suggested a lunch, thereby making the other party, kept waiting for her return, literally one of surprise.

Scene in the office of M. Paster:

Sufferer—"Doctor, I have come to consult you as a last resort. Can you do anything to relieve me from the consequences of these wounds?"

Doctor—"Those are a little the worst dog bites I ever saw."

Sufferer—"Doctor, those are not dog bites. They are Jersey musquito bites."

Doctor—"My dear sir, I can do nothing for you. Next!"

An amusing scene was witnessed at the post office corner on Monday. A distinguished-looking and well-dressed man bought a newspaper from a newsboy, handing him in exchange five coppers.

"Naw you don't," said the boy. "They are no good here. This ain't Ontario."

The distinguished-looking man, with a pained and indignant look, handed back the paper and returned the five coppers to his pockets.

He was one of the Ontario excursionists who did not share the Northwest contempt for cents.

WITHIN THE NIGHT.

(THE MINNESINGER.)

I stood within the shadows of the Night,
The weary lonesome night,
And Sorrow, with her charioteer of Death,
Went by with eyes affright.
And ever upward from the darken'd depths
Of Life's sad troubled sea,
The cry of stricken hearts came ceaseless from
Pale lips of agony.
And joyous Hope with ruddy Mirth was there,
In revel girt with light.
The glow of Youth, the wail of wild Despair,
Beneath me in the Night.
And lo! in sadness bent a man of years
Upon a broken lyre,
Whose golden strings no breath divine had swept,—
Touch'd not with sacred fire.
An humble singer of that lowly band,
Whose harpings, sweet withal,
Strength have not as the bards of finer mould,
Who through the ages call.
And gazing heavenward to the silent stars,
From earth and earthy things,
His soul went forth in earnest, pure desire,
On faith's most holy wings:
"Father, I pray that thou would'st deign for me,
Within thy vineyard grand,
One little flower, although of low degree,
To raise with trembling hand,
One little song-bud born from out the heart,
Which unto men might be,
Amidst the turmoil of the world's great mart,
A still, small voice from Thee."
Montreal.

JOHN ARBURY.



NEAR ENOUGH.

SHE: Do you make any reduction to clergymen?
 GALLANT OLD CONFECTIONER: Always; are you a clergyman's wife?
 SHE (BLUSHING): Oh, no; I am not married.
 G. O. C. (BECOMING INTERESTED): Daughter, then?
 SHE (BLUSHING DEEPER): No; but I—I am engaged to a theological student.

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Montreal and St. Flavie, calling at Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Etc.

8.15 p.m. Arrive	Montreal	Leave 8.00 a.m.
6.50 p.m. "	St. Hyacinthe	" 9.10 a.m.
5.12 p.m. "	Richmond	" 10.45 a.m.
2.15 p.m. Leave	Pointe Lévi	Arrive 2.00 p.m.
9.15 a.m. "	Rivière du Loup	" 6.45 p.m.
8.54 a.m. "	Cacouna	" 7.03 p.m.
6.00 a.m. "	St. Flavie	" 10.30 p.m.

Making connections at Montreal with trains to and from the West and South and at Richmond with trains to and from the East. For excursion tickets and full information, apply to Ticket Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
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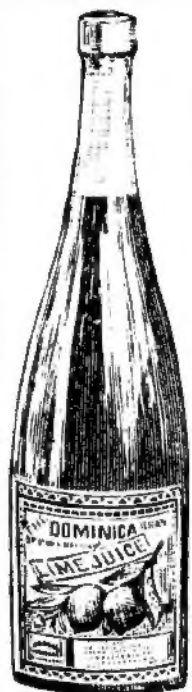
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Pts., Qts. (Imp. Measure.)

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 327 & 329 St. James Street, and St. Gabriel Locks, Montreal.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return. - \$90 00
 To Vancouver, Victoria,
 Tacoma, Seattle, or
 Portland and return, 125 00
 To San Francisco and re-
 turn, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON
50 TEACHERS: Virtually all departments of Music, from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc.; also elocution. **Certificates and Diplomas.**
 Tuition, \$5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils are charged only from date of entrance. Board and room provided. **FREE ADVANTAGE:** Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, etc. Calendar mailed on application.
FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th.
 There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed
EDWARD FISHER, Director.
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CASTOR-FLUID.

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.



Sault Ste. Marie Canals.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next**, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after **TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next**, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective **deposit receipts**—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.



St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **Tuesday, the 25th day of September next**, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after **Tuesday, the 11th day of September next**, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same and further, a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective **deposit receipts**—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

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